

The Critic

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A Poet's Letters to a Friend.

LONG before the public knew anything of Sydney Lanier as an author, it was my good fortune to have formed his acquaintance, not personally, but by correspondence. In the year 1867, if memory serves me, a poem by him in one of the Southern periodicals attracted my notice. It was a brief lyric, distinguished by a peculiar, and scarcely definable quality of fancy, which affected the reader much as a loving observer of nature might be affected by the strange, golden remoteness of an October horizon. I wrote to the young poet, who was more than a decade my junior, some words of appreciation touching these verses; and he replied in a manner so cordial that thenceforth a correspondence was established between us, which, though with many interruptions, continued down to a period closely preceding his death.

From the beginning I could not but place a high value upon his letters. Their quaintness of thought and phraseology seemed at first to indicate affectation—an affectation of archaism; but soon I learned to understand that this style was as natural to Lanier as breathing. He had steeped his imagination from boyhood in the writings of the earlier English annalists and poets—Geoffrey of Monmouth, Sir Thomas Mallory, Gower, Chaucer, and the whole bead-roll of such ancient English worthies. I was of course a little surprised during our earlier epistolary communion to perceive, not only his unusually thorough knowledge of Chaucer, for example, whose couplets flowed as 'trippingly from his pen' as if 'The Canterbury Tales' and 'The Romaunt of the Rose' were his daily mental food; but to find him quoting as naturally and easily from 'Piers Ploughman,' and scores of the half obsolete ballads of the English and Scottish borders.

He gloried in antiquarian lore and antiquarian literature. Hardly 'Old Monkbarns' himself could have pored over a black-letter volume with greater enthusiasm. Especially he loved the tales of chivalry, and thus, when the opportunity came, was fully equipped as an interpreter of Froissart and 'King Arthur' for the benefit of our younger generation of students. With the great Elizabethans Lanier was equally familiar. Instead of skimming Shakspeare, he went down into his depths. Few have written so subtly of Shakspeare's mysterious sonnets. Through all Lanier's productions we trace the influence of his early literary loves; but nowhere do the pithy quaintnesses of the old bards and chroniclers display themselves more effectively—not only in the illustrations, but through the innermost warp and woof of the texture of his ideas and his style—than in some of his familiar epistles.

Among the letters now produced, there is one of particular significance. It is the letter in which he speaks of his greatest inspirer, of the chief mistress of his artistic reverence and affection—music. Poetry he distinctly affirms to have been with him a species of 'side-issue.' The effect of his musical genius—a genius *pur et simple*, undeveloped as unmarred by formal education—upon the spirit and technique

of his verse, was very remarkable, being sometimes, as in 'The Marshes of Glynn,' 'beautiful exceedingly,' and again, as in the 'Centennial Cantata,' merely grotesque.

His letters to me in 1868, which showed in a delightful way the nature of his literary tastes and studies, and which were full of felicitous references, and illustrations from sources 'caviare to the general,' have unhappily been lost, but the following from Macon, Ga., dated March 15, '69, is noteworthy in several particulars; firstly, as giving glimpses of the man's morale, and his subtle spiritual instincts; and secondly, of that deep, over-refining intellectuality, with its searching introspections, German rather than English, which emphasizes so much that he has composed, whether in prose or verse. A few words of explanation concerning this letter. He had been discussing, in previous communications, the great proneness of men of sensitive temperament, and eager, buoyant, imaginative aspirations, toward the reaction of despondency, and its accompanying temptations; and Lanier had acknowledged that he was himself subject occasionally to the dominion of a gloomy fiend, a recent visit from whom he had most graphically described:

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE: Your forbearance about that dark rhapsody of mine bankrupts me; but my outstanding obligations lie upon me so sweetly, and so unlike all other debts, that I do not desire to take the benefit of the Act relieving Insolvents, and I refuse to be discharged! I would not, of course, have written to any ordinary correspondent what I write you, for I should very surely have been told that I was a lackadaisical fool, who needed work and physic. These wonderful hells into which we descend at such times—who will picture them to one who has not dwelt in them? It is idle to discuss colors with a blind man. As for me, however, the good God has seen fit to arm me very singularly against the dark hosts of temptations that dwell in these places. The longing for stimulants, which I feel in common I suppose with all men of like nature, defeats itself in my particular case by awakening a certain *Pride of Pain* (how foolish this sounds!) which enables me to defy the whole damnable troop with a power which seems anomalous, in view of the fact that ordinarily I do not think my will is very strong, because my sympathies, which are strong, easily override it.

Indeed, it is not a bad thing that I get plunged into these awful depths; for O! my friend, they teach me lessons which are beyond the reach of reason, beyond the utmost of thought, beyond time, beyond *myself*! Have you ever felt in those good moments when the formulæ of life sink out of memory, and the soul comes to look at things with a sort of Before-World simplicity—have you felt at such times that you had *two selves*, of which one stood, as it were, in the continual background, calm, sedate as eternity; looking with a half-amused smile upon the slips and errors, crimes and contortions and struggles of your other self in its feverish life, as if this calm inner-self were confident that after all the struggles and fevers, the *struggling* and *feverish* self will come out pure and whole, calm and strong? What do we mean when we say, 'one is master of himself?'—'one is conscious of himself,' etc? In these and a thousand similar expressions of common life are indicated some wonderful metaphysic facts (I hate the word psychology!) which, when the metaphysicians come to find the true source of their science, will be quickly revealed.

At any rate, these pleasant spring-breezes are blowing on my soul, as on a young green leaf; and I wave and sway, rise and fall in the midst of the heavens, with a wonderful love and happiness upbearing me. Ah! the exquisite, intense calms, which are yet full of a strange quickening and stir of birth! I have a boy whose eyes are blue as your 'Aëthra's.' Every day when my work is done I take him in my strong arms, and lift him up, and pore in his face. The intense repose, penetrated somehow with a thrilling mystery of *potential activity*, which dwells in his large, open eye, teaches me new things.

I say to myself, Where are the strong arms in which I, too, might lay me and repose, and yet be full of the fire of life? And always through the twilight come answers from the other world, 'Master! Master! there is one—Christ—in His arms we rest!' Truly your friend,

SYDNEY LANIER.

Not infrequently Lanier would send me copies of his unpublished verses, and some of his best poems I thus enjoyed the opportunity of perusing in MS. 'Corn,' I remember, was among the number; and I vividly recall the

impression which that fine lyric made upon me. 'In "Corn" I have aimed at popularity,' he wrote; 'I mean the higher popularity given to artistic work.' The 'little poem' which he mentions in the following note (Macon, March 21, 1870) was a fragment, though complete in itself, taken from his 'Jacquerie'—a production which he never, I believe, completed.

I thank you heartily for your encouraging commendations of my little poem. Much reflection convinces me that praise is no ignoble stimulus, and that the artist should not despise it. Once satisfied that the praise is genuine praise for genuine art, surely then the artist may with confident delight bathe in those glorious seas of sympathetic appreciation, and invigorate himself for further work! 'Good Heaven!' cries Mrs. Browning, *ex ore* 'Aurora Leigh,' 'I shall be almost popular!' In this exclamation one discerns at once a true and a false philosophy. It is true, Martin Farquhar Tupper *is*, in a certain sense, popular; but then how about Homer, Milton, Shakspeare? Are they not popular also? And so, whenever my one condition requisite above mentioned, is fulfilled—that is, whenever I am satisfied that the praiser, being himself an artist, praises what he considers good work—I appreciate this praise with entire abandon; I enjoy it without *arrières pensées*, as to whether it is my right, or as to whether I am infringing upon that outwardly fascinating, inwardly false, German doctrine that the self of genius is sufficient for itself! I will write you again in a day or two; meanwhile, for the enjoyment of your sympathy, which I receive without question and use without hesitation, accept the sincere gratitude of your friend,

SYDNEY LANIER.

The next letter seems to me a striking one. One part of it is a prose-poem, touched by an exquisite delicacy of fancy, and another part foreshadows that trenchant critical force, combining fine analysis with truly philosophical generalization, displayed so conspicuously, at a subsequent period, in Lanier's lectures at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

MACON, GA., April 13th, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE: Watching night and day for two weeks past by the bedside of a sick friend, I have had no spiritual energy to escape out of certain gloomy ideas which always possess me when I am in the immediate presence of physical ailment. I did not care to write you that sort of letter which one is apt to send under such circumstances, since I gather from your letters that you have enough and to spare of these dismal down-weightings of the flesh's ponderous career upon suffering and thoughtful souls. I am glad, therefore, that I waited until this divine day. If the year were an orchestra, *to-day* would be the *flute-tone* in it. A serene hope just on the very verge of realizing itself, a tender loneliness—what some German calls *Wald-einsamkeit*—or wood-loneliness, the ineffable withdrawal feeling that comes over one when he hides himself in among the trees, and knows himself shut in by their purity, as by a fragile yet impregnable wall, from the suspicions and the trade regulations of men; and an inward thrill in the air, or in the sunshine, one knows not which, half like the thrill of the passion of love, and half like the thrill of the passion of friendship—these, which make up the office of the flute-voice in those poems which the old masters wrote for the orchestra, also prevail throughout to-day.

Do you like, as I do, on such a day, to go out into the sunlight and *stop thinking*?—lie fallow, like a field, and absorb those certain liberal potentialities, which will in after days reappear, duly formulated, duly grown, duly perfected, as poems? I have a curiosity to know if to you, as to me, there come such as this day, a day exquisitely satisfying with all the fulnesses of the spring, and filling you as full of nameless tremors as a girl on her wedding morn; and withal, a day which utterly denies you the gift of speech, which puts its finger on the lip of your inspiration, which inexorably enforces upon your soul a silence that you infinitely long to break—a day, in short, which takes absolute possession of you, and says to you, in tones commanding obedience, 'To-day you must forego expression and all outcome; you must remain a fallow field for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow;' mandates, further, that you have learned after a little experience not only not to fight against, but to love and revere as the wise communication of the unseen Powers! . . . Have you seen Browning's 'The Ring and the Book'? I am confident that at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered upon him magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth, and gave him a constitu-

tional twist 'i the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvellous tortuous passage. Out of this grotto-labyrinth his words won't and *can't* come straight! A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. And *what* a shock it is! Did you ever see a picture of a lasso in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head there, and is bound to catch him!

The first sixty or seventy pages of 'The Ring and the Book' are altogether the most doleful reading, in point either of idea or music, in the English language; and yet the monologue of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, that of Pompilia Comparini, and the two of Guido Franceschini, are unapproachable, of their kind, by any living or dead poet, *me judice*. Here Browning's *jerkiness* comes in with inimitable effect. You get lightning-glimpses, and, as one naturally expects from lightning, zigzag glimpses into the intense night of the passion of these souls. It is entirely wonderful, and without precedent. The fitful play of Guido's lust and scorn, hate and cowardice, closes with a master stroke:

Christ,—Maria,—God,

Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

Pompilia, mark you, is dead by Guido's own hand, deliberately stabbed, because he hated her purity, which all along he has mocked and reviled with the devil's own malignant ingenuity of sarcasm. . . . You speak of a project you wished to tell me. Let me hear it. Your plans are always of interest to me. Can I help you? I have not put pen to paper, in the literary way, in a long time. How I thirst to do so! How I long to sing a thousand various songs, that oppress me unsung, is inexpressible. Yet the mere work that brings bread gives me no time. I know not, alter all, if this is a sorrowful thing. Nobody likes my poems except two or three friends, who are themselves poets, and can supply themselves! Strictly upon Scriptural principle, I have written you almost entirely about myself. This is doing unto you as I would wish you to do unto me. Go, and do likewise. Write about yourself. Your friend, SYDNEY LANIER.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

[To be concluded.]

Reviews

Scherer's "History of German Literature."*

PROFESSOR SCHERER'S 'History of German Literature' has attracted a good deal of attention in Germany, within the past five years; and it has been received with favor. The patriotism of German readers, the new scholarship applied to the investigation of early Teutonic dialects and writings, and the increasing fondness for comparative criticism, have combined to make a new record of German literary history desirable. The book does not, of course, like Ticknor's 'History of Spanish Literature' or Taine's well-known masterpiece, have the advantage of an outside point of view, but it is written throughout in a spirit which evidently desires to be fair and comprehensive. Professor Scherer has the reputation, among those Americans who have listened to his lectures, of possessing an unusually attractive style, and a charm of utterance lends an added value to the pages of a literary history; while of his scholarly competence there is no question.

The first point noted by the reader of the new English translation, made under the auspices of Max Müller, complimented by its publication at the Clarendon Press, and now promptly reissued in America, is that the style is not specially attractive. The name of the editor would not have been printed on the title-page had not Prof. Müller been satisfied with the substantial merits of the version; but the English reader will value it for its statements rather than for its literary form. In this particular Professor Scherer has been decidedly less fortunate than was M. Taine, in that the latter enjoyed the services of Henri van Laun as his interpreter. Mrs. Conybeare's task, of course, was the harder of the two.

The History itself deserves high praise. The topical ar-

* A History of German Literature. By W. Scherer. Translated from the third German edition by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare. Edited by F. Max Müller. 2 vols. \$3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

rangement is a pattern of logical order and clearness of statement; the relations of early German literature to other Continental and to British writings are prominently asserted; and the general critical perspective is not open to serious objections. Many will think that the author's discussions of Goethe are too adulatory; but Goethe, in the German mind, is a sort of Shakspeare and Dante in one. The estimate of Luther's Bible, as a linguistic product and influence, is also very high; yet Professor Scherer has undoubted authority for his statements that it 'permanently fixed the literary language of Germany'; and, indeed, that the Reformation 'laid the foundation for modern German literature, and for that unity of intellectual life which we at present rejoice in.' (This single sentence illustrates the translator's infelicitous style.) The author's account of Ulfilas and his Bible, and Gothic Arianism, is excellent. The earliest chapters are more learned, scholarly and original than the later criticisms of German literature proper. The application of a single test—the question, How does the author treat Anglo-Saxon or early English literature, the elder living brother of the Teutonic family?—illustrates his breadth and justice. Not quite enough is said of the remarkable Icelandic literature before the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, but the general accounts of legend-migrations, rude epics and folk-literature in North-European languages, are so much better than we usually find in books of this class, that we need not criticise them severely. The two trim volumes close with a chronological table and a very full bibliography, of truly German thoroughness. This bibliography, doubtless the best in English, increases the usefulness of a work that will find many American libraries and readers awaiting it.

Hubert Howe Bancroft's California.*

THE third volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of California comprises fifteen years of the formative era which preceded the vast changes caused by the gold discoveries and the American occupation. The period was not an eventful one, and considering that the total population of the country at its close did not exceed 6000 whites and 9000 Indians, it is at first sight rather startling to find that a volume of eight hundred pages is needed for its annals in this brief term. Told on this scale, the history of the United States would fill several Congressional libraries, and the history of the world would assume such vast proportions that—in the monitory words of the evangelist—the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.

However, it must be remembered that in this portion of his extensive task, the author is writing rather for local readers than for the general public. His history of California at this period should be compared with those town and county histories in which an attention to minute particulars is not deemed a defect, but rather their chief merit. There are thousands of pioneers and their descendants in California to whom these details of petty political intrigues, bloodless revolutions, the arrival of the first adventurers who came across the mountains, the breaking-up of the missions, and other incidents recorded in this volume, will be of intense interest. The names of the political chiefs of those days and of the early visitors,—Figueroa, Vallejo, Alvarado, Castro,—Wolfskill, Warner, Carson, Graham, and 'Captain Joe Walker,'—are still vividly remembered. And other names belonging to this epoch,—Douglas, the ill-fated naturalist,—Coulter and his book of fictions,—Hall J. Kelley, the historian,—and R. H. Dana, then engaged in the voyage which yielded his fascinating 'Two Years Before the Mast,'—give a literary coloring and a wider interest to the narrative.

The style of the history, as usual with Mr. Bancroft's works, is clear and readable. If the squabbles of the Span-

ish-American leaders are told with somewhat excessive particularity, their importance is not exaggerated; and an occasional touch of humor shows that the author is conscious of their triviality. There is evidence of unsparing labor in the gathering of materials, and of great carefulness in their use and arrangement. The reader feels assured that the history is thoroughly trustworthy; and this, after all, is the highest praise which an annalist can claim. In view of this prime merit, we may dispense with much in the way of philosophic reflection, grace of language, and liveliness of description, which too often help to cover the lack of this chief requisite. The coming volumes will treat of more momentous topics, and will afford the author's abilities as a writer of history a fairer scope.

Beginners of Better Times in Africa.*

IT is surprising what a large share Scotsmen of this century have had in exploring, civilizing and Christianizing Africa. Most of the names associated with the civil, military and religious conquest of the Dark Continent are Scotch, but the pioneer of them in this century was Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone. He and his wife Mary were beginners of the better times that are now dawning upon Africa. Their lives, written with simplicity, modesty, and a manly avoidance of all embellishment, are told in the volume before us. Born in 1795 at Ormiston, Moffat spent his boyhood in Carronshore—the home of those famous 'timber-smashers' of our early naval history, the caronades. Later, coming under the influence of the Wesleyan Methodists, he resolved to become a missionary. Leaving behind him his sweetheart, Mary Smith, who, as her portrait declares, was a lovely and beautiful maiden, he sailed in the brig Alacrity, Oct. 18, 1816, for South Africa, and arrived at Cape Town after an eighty-six days' voyage. Welcomed by the domine of the Dutch Reformed Church, but prohibited from going inland by the English Governor, Moffat lodged some months with a Dutch wine farmer at Stellenbosch, thirty-six miles distant. Here he made an invaluable acquisition, in mastering the Dutch language which is so widely spoken in South Africa. In his later work of translating the Scriptures, this knowledge served him in good stead of Hebrew and Greek, since the version of the Bible of the States-General of Holland is so faithful to the original. When finally settled in his unpromising field, among the Hottentots, Moffat proved himself a civilizer as well as missionary, working with spade, pick, saw, axe and trowel, as well as with tongue and pen. After bearing the heat and burden of the day for three years alone, his affianced joined him, and became his wife. In her he found a cheerful companion, fully consecrated to their one life-work. Her portraits, at the age of twenty and at seventy-five, show us a brave, sunny Christian woman. Amid the rough life of a pioneer, she reared a family of sons and daughters, besides being a true assistant to her husband in his work. Dr. Moffat after fifty-two years of toil returned to Scotland, enjoying fourteen years of honored repose amid home scenes, yet withal continuously active in maintaining missionary interest.

Despite political troubles and many wars, when, between Boer and Briton, white man and negro, savage blacks and lapsing heathen, the mission stations were often threatened with annihilation, the work moved steadily on. Robert Moffat began his labors among the ignorant and degraded Bechuanas, then living in savagery. He left them with churches reared, congregations gathered, a body of native pastors trained, the region largely civilized and Christian, and decent dress and settled agricultural habits prevalent. The story, as told in plain, unvarnished style, is fascinating simply by the force of its hard facts, and has compelled our reading of the entire book. The roseate view one obtains

* California. Vol. III. 1825-1840. Vol. XV. of the History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

* The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their son, John S. Moffat. Illustrated. \$3.50. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

of missionary successes is rather that of syenite than of sunset vapors. Though shadows move over the narrative, the result is to inspire admiration for the heroes of the mission field, and to make one, if an idler, dissatisfied to stay at home. The book will certainly raise up other missionaries, both men and women. The publishers have done their part well, and large print, portraits, index and handsome binding, and a note from Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, combine to make a biography from which we are tempted to quote.

Hosmer's "Story of the Jews."*

A POPULAR history of the Jews, which should be at once brief and comprehensive, has long been desired. There were the church histories, the partial or partisan histories like Josephus's, the lengthy, well-nigh interminable disquisitions of the rabbis of Germany, the various 'Histoires des Israélites' written in French and crowned capably by the recent excellent work of Reinach, the big book of Grätz on the 'Geschichte des Judenthums' (which is not only big but great), the sneers of the apostate Heine, the sarcasms of Gibbon; but could there be found such a book as we have indicated—brief, comprehensive, winning in style, containing in a single volume all that a rapid reader need know about these remarkable people? Where indeed? and the echo reverberates almost mockingly among our empty bookshelves. This much-desired volume has at last appeared, and appeared in charming form typographically. Prof. J. K. Hosmer, author of a well-known 'Short History of German Literature,' writes 'The Story of the Jews' as Vol. III. of Messrs. Putnam's Story of the Nations Series—a series which is destined to wide dissemination. We have seldom read a 'story' more dramatic or more interesting, less 'juvenile' in a certain sense, and yet so fresh and young.

In twenty-one chapters, each as distinctly framed as if it were a picture by itself, Prof. Hosmer takes up the sorrowful and marvellous story of the Chosen People, and traces it link by link, picture by picture, sorrow by sorrow, from the 'Morning-Time in Palestine' on through the Captivity of Israel at Nineveh to the Destruction of Sennacherib and to Judas Maccabæus, the Jewish William Tell. He then takes up the 'Beauty of Holiness' and discusses the Messiah, the great Jewish missionaries, the Targums, and the sects. Next come Vespasian and Josephus with the defense of Jerusalem, then the story of Titus on the ruins of Zion—a collection, in all, of eight chapters which the author calls 'The Ancient Pride' and which concludes Part I.—one might say Scene I.—of the drama. Part II. consists of six chapters, and is called 'The Mediæval Humiliation'—a series of striking and stirring delineations of the persecutions of Zion in the Dark Ages. The 'Holocausts in Spain,' the 'Bloody Hand in Germany,' the 'Frown and Curse in England, Italy, and France,' are titles of chapters vivid enough to outline the story in hieroglyphs of fire for him who reads. Shylock and the Wandering Jew and Spinoza come in to add their pathetic touches to this Salvatoresque canvas. In Part III., called 'The Breaking of the Chain,' we have a group of seven chapters replete with interest and association. The beautiful career of Moses Mendelssohn, the wonderful career of the Rothschilds, are followed by the gentle glory of the almost Messianic career of Sir Moses Montefiore. The Hebrew statesmen—Disraeli, Gambetta, Castelar, Crémieux, Lasker—are then taken up; and next, the ignoble yet brilliant life of Heinrich Heine—'a sweet singer in Israel'—shows what the 'hated Jew' can do in poetry. Chapter XX.—'Some Harmonious Lives'—is very delightful, and discusses the lives and fortunes of the grandchildren of Moses Mendelssohn as types of the Hebrew artist. The book closes with 'Our Hebrew Contemporaries' and their emancipation from eighteen centuries of misery. Prof. Hosmer has done a first-rate piece of work, and we anticipate for his book a large sale.

* The Story of the Jews. By J. K. Hosmer. Illustrated. \$1.50. Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Five Books of Verse.*

THERE is a little bird called the sunset bird, whose habitat is the Caribbean Islands, and whose bell-like tones are chanted first at sunset. So distinct and strange are these tones, that they separate themselves from all surrounding tones, and loom—if tones may loom—like visible shapes in the air, distinguishable from all around. Among the birds that hover thickly about Parnassus in these ultra days—birds that have got there without a *gradus*, free, sovereign, unmistakable—none has a more distinct place or sings with a more distinctly recognizable voice than Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt (1). Her tones are as peculiar, as thrilling, as the bell-like tones of the sunset bird: they are as mournful and individual. Whether she is voyaging to fortunate isles, or describing dramatic persons or moods, whether she is in company with children, or singing reproofs to a rose, or counting the graves, or 'looking from two windows,' her note—her imagery, dialogue and style—all have a power and strength, a strangeness and an eloquence, entirely their own. She is the poet of rhythms as distinguished from metres, for her metrical sense is often at fault while her rhythmical feeling is highly cultivated. More difficult poetry to read aloud could hardly be written except by Browning, the master of the elocutionist's difficulties. On the other hand, one is often tempted to read aloud these beautiful elegies and lamentations, stories and tragedies, that one may fully appreciate the depth of thought and feeling with which they are freighted. That so many of their themes are painful is, we suppose, due to the idiosyncrasy of the author, whose mind is essentially a 'sunset' mind—a mind lingering over twilights, empurpling itself lovingly in glooms, haunting the dust and the dusk, crystallizing in lilac and other mourning hues, like the lovely dark-lipped shells of Tacoma. Many of the poems begin with a merry talk with children and end with a sharp cry, a regret, a tear. There are souls that wear the weeds of sorrow, and Mrs. Piatt's seems to be one of these. We are glad that her 'select poems' now appear in so pleasant a form.

The most interesting thing in the Poems of Charles T. Brooks (2) is the portrait which forms the frontispiece. Those who knew him, coming unexpectedly upon the life-like reproduction of the serene, rapt, self-forgetful face, almost start with surprise, as if the magic of his strong presence were once more upon them. It is a portrait good for any one to look at, and very dear to those who remember the original. The memoir has been carefully and lovingly prepared. Of the poems the most attractive are the translations, though many of the others have a special and personal association which will endear them privately to those for whom they were written.—There is a somewhat cloying monotone of gentle amiability in the book of poems by Henry Hamilton (3). Even the opening verses on 'America,' which give the book its title, are a sort of grave reverie inspired by an hour 'At Castle Garden in the Month of May.' A great deal is wrought into measure and rhyme which is all perfectly true, and to which the mind of the reader gives a drowsy assent as he reads; but if we remain unmoved—uncomforted for our personal sorrows or unsympathetic with the author's—it is not because we differ from any of his mild affirmations as to the desirableness of liberty, the selfishness of absorbed grief, the comfort to be won from long reflection on the goodness of God; but because, like the little child who was unresponsive to kindergarten attempts to enlighten him, we feel wearily that we 'knew all that before.' 'In the Hospital' (4), by Grace Litchfield, is a thoughtful and suggestive little poem, dealing picturesquely with the problem of saving the lives of sinners certain to sin again, or of people born into the world only to sin or suffer;

* 1. A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and Other Poems. By S. M. B. Piatt. New edition. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. Poems, Original and Translated. By C. T. Brooks. Memoir by C. W. Wendte. Edited by W. P. Andrews. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Bros. 3. America, and Other Poems. By Henry Hamilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4. In the Hospital. By Grace Denio Litchfield. 25 cts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Campfire, and Other Poems. By Kate E. Sherwood. \$1. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

and it might have touched also on the questionable wisdom of prolonging the agony of people dying slowly in daily torture, by constantly applying momentary restoratives. The verses are strong, touching and interesting; but they would have been quite as effective if the author had been satisfied with presenting the problem in this vivid manner, without attempting to solve it in the conventional way.—Under the title of 'Camp-Fire, Memorial-Day, and Other Poems' (5), Kate Brownlee Sherwood publishes a volume of patriotic poetry. The patriotism is admirable and the spirit of the poems excellent, but the literary workmanship leaves much to be desired. The metre halts, the rhymes do not always agree harmoniously, and there is a great uniformity of style throughout. Evidently a majority of the poems were written for patriotic occasions, and to express the sentiments growing out of a devoted love of country. They are filled with memories of the war-time, and they seek to keep green the graves of the heroic dead. With the sympathies and aspirations and memories of the little book we feel the most cordial agreement, but the poetry of it does not satisfy us. It is just good enough to make us wish it were very much better.

"Dosia's Daughter" and "Cleopatra."*

APART from its connection with the favorite novel of 'Dosia,' Madame Durand-Gréville's new story, 'Dosia's Daughter,' has a distinct charm of its own. It is a graceful, entertaining little tale, so unassuming that one thinks first of its grace and brightness; but it has withal a subtle intellectual flavor which gives it something more than grace and better than brightness. It is a keen and sympathetic study of one of the curious temperaments that are to be found at times: that of a high-spirited, talented, interesting girl, in whose nervous organization there is nevertheless a screw loose, which makes her not only 'hard to manage,' but conscious herself of something inharmonious in her nature which she does not herself know how to control. She is first of all extremely self-important; but the most judicious friends, conscious that the self-importance is in one sense the sign of ability and moral strength, nevertheless fail to solve the problem of how the girl is to be treated. Nothing answers but the one sure test—the girl's effort to assert her self-importance in casting herself loose from all surroundings and depending solely on her own intelligence and self-control. How wofully she comes to grief is well told; and she is brought back to reason and to her family in a way that does not savor too strongly of the necessary moral to the tale, though it does point a moral most effectively. In addition to this, there is great charm and subtlety in making the story a sequel to the earlier novel; in having this high-spirited, foolish, but capable girl, at once winning and repelling, the daughter of the winsome but fun-loving Dosia, who sees the faults of her own girlhood repeated in her daughter with the consternation of one who has gained wisdom with years. The typical three-volume novel ends with marriage; but it is strange that novelists have been so slow in finding out the immense interest that attaches to knowing what follows upon marriage. This is, after all, the profound lesson for life or literature; and this bright, thoughtful, pretty picture of a French household twenty years after courtship and marriage, with another generation perpetuating charms and follies, is at once a delightful, piquant story and a suggestive psychological study. It has been translated by Mrs. Clement-Waters, who has been aided in her task not only by her own familiarity with French and French life, but by having the revision of the author, who is singularly familiar with the English idiom.

Mme. Gréville's story of 'Cleopatra,' if somewhat less attractive than her other popular novels, owes its lesser attraction to no fault of the author, who has indeed almost redeemed what is unattractive in the subject by her grace of

manner, but to a choice of subject which was unfortunate. The complications of French marriages and French lovers, though managed with a calmness which perhaps ought to please by its freedom from the grossness of passion, nevertheless has the effect of the ludicrous, if not the unpardonable. Madame Durand has done what she could to avoid offending by passionate outbreak, but the matter-of-fact arrangements for the divorce are certainly not pleasing, and one fails to sympathize with any one but the poor old man who consented to his beautiful young wife's being divorced from him. The story is a singular one, but the complications are familiar, and the treatment, while not familiar, seems too unnatural to please those readers who have always especially enjoyed Madame Durand's naturalness. The translation—not by Mrs. Waters—is atrocious.

Minor Notices.

'IT NEVER rains but it pours'—Balzac on Balzac, translation on translation! Just the other day we noticed appreciatively the Roberts Bros.' translation of 'Père Goriot' and the 'Duchesse de Langeais.' To-day we chronicle the arrival of a third assortment of Balzaquiana (to coin a word), independent of the Boston translation and rendered by another hand—'After-Dinner Stories from Balzac,' done into English by Myndart Verelst, and with an introduction by E. E. Saltus. (\$1.25. New York: George J. Coombes.) The 'introduction' is rather queer. If 'toute l'affaire est de charmer,' as the French maxim has it, then this 'introduction' has failed, for it is jerky, inconsequent and uninteresting. After reading Henry James's exquisite analyses of the French poets and novelists, especially of Balzac, one confesses to a little fastidiousness. Pray, what does Mr. Saltus mean by calling Petrus Borel (p. 23) 'the *rex poetæ minores*'—a phrase which won't parse according to our Latin grammars? And poor Mürger shouldn't be stripped of his *unlout*. As to the translation, it does not compare with the Roberts version, and in many places it is rough and unidiomatic. We cannot say how faithful it is to the original, as we have not the original at hand; but it is evidently 'manipulated.' The stories selected are 'The Red Inn,' 'Madame Firmiani,' 'The Grande Bretèche' and 'Madame de Beauséant'—all glorious and sorrowful specimens of misplaced genius, conceiving and bringing forth imps and abortions when it might have peopled heaven with angels.

JAMES GRANT WILSON'S 'Bryant and His Friends: Some Reminiscences of the Knickerbocker Writers' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is an entertaining volume, but it suffers from the defects of its author's style, which might better be called a want of style. It is both scrappy and bombastic, but when Gen. Wilson gives his personal recollections and forgets to interlard his sentences with classical quotations, he is interesting. He does not add anything of importance to our knowledge of the Knickerbocker circle; indeed, the impression produced upon the mind of the reader is rather of the author than of the distinguished men whom he had the good fortune to rub elbows with. Of William Cullen Bryant he writes at greatest length, his acquaintance with that great poet and amiable gentleman having been more familiar than with any of the others of whom he gossips. Joseph Rodman Drake was the only member of this group with whom he was not personally acquainted, but he writes of him with the same airy familiarity as he does of the others. Most of these sketches have appeared in print before, in the magazines and elsewhere; but new matter has been added, and they are quite worth saving in their present permanent form.

PROF. HERMAN GRIMM, now a little less than sixty years of age, is the son of William, the younger of the well-known and well-loved Brothers Grimm. He is known in America by his 'Life of Michael Angelo,' which, twenty years ago, was promptly reissued here, and by his biographical lectures on Goethe and his times. The translator of the latter, Miss Sarah H. Adams, has now given us an excellent version of eight papers by Prof. Grimm, which she groups under the title of 'Literature.' (Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.) They are well worth study. The American reader naturally turns first to the essays on Emerson, in which are fine insight and cordial appreciation. The author recognizes and aptly states Emerson's fertilizing individuality, and his insistence on the character which must underlie our national life. He also sees that Emerson's broad

* 'Dosia's Daughter. Cleopatra. By Henri Gréville. \$1.25. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

teachings are needed in Germany, a land so devoted to special studies. Not less able are the chapters on Voltaire, Macaulay's 'Frederick the Great,' Dürer, Bettina von Arnim, Dante, and the Brothers Grimm. The author's view of Frederick is of course Teutonic; he lauds Goethe at all times; and he thinks that 'Voltaire will perhaps one day be used merely as a word by which to designate the last dying tones in the literature of Romanic genius.' But from this point of view he has much to say. The book is printed and bound with substantial elegance.

—In a 24-page pamphlet (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.) Mr. M. F. Force reprints his cogent arguments to show that some of the 'Letters of Amerigo Vespucci,' purporting to describe his voyages to the New World, and contemporaneously published, were not by Vespucci, but were forgeries. The paper was read in September, 1879, at the International Congress of Americanists at Brussels, and deserves preservation.

Magazine Notes

The English Historical Review, a new quarterly imported by the International News Co., has a clear field, and promises to occupy it well. The leading article in its first number, on 'German Schools of History,' by Lord Acton, abounds in hints and suggestions of criticism, all the more stimulating because not fully developed. The other papers are fresh and varied. The Provost of Oriel College, Oxford (Munro), writes on 'Homer and the Early History of Greece,' Prof. Freeman on 'The Tyrants of Britain, Gaul and Spain' and Prof. J. R. Seeley on 'The House of Bourbon;' and Δ has thirty odd pages of comments (largely corrective) on the Greville Memoirs. There is a department of Notes and Documents, containing, among other interesting matter, the alleged letter from 'I. M.' (Increase Matter) of Dec. 3, 1683—now for the first time printed in full. The other departments, all well represented, are Miscellaneous Notes, List of Historical Books Recently Published, and Contents of Periodical Publications. The advent of this review is a matter of uncommon interest to students of history. It unites Oxford and Cambridge in its support, as appears from the names above given, the editor (Rev. Mandell Creighton), being a well-known Cambridge Professor. The circular issued with the first number brings a long list of scholars who approve, including some twenty American names. Among these are Bancroft, Fisher, Parkman, White, Tyler, McMaster, C. K. Adams, H. M. and F. B. Dexter, Bigelow, Windsor, E. Channing, Johnston and Higginson.

No. II. of the Johns Hopkins *Modern Language Notes* is now on our table. This is a new monthly, to be issued from Johns Hopkins University eight times a year, at the subscription price of \$1. It promises in many ways to be an extremely valuable medium of communication among modern language scholars, publishers and students in this country. It is the immediate outgrowth and organ of the Modern Language Association of America, which recently held its annual convention in Boston, and, the year before, assembled at Columbia College. This number, besides numerous and pithy reviews and notices of books, contains an interesting column of Personals, many short memoranda of value under the head of Brief Mention, and three or four longer reviews and original articles. This periodical has as its special *clientèle* and corps of contributors the large and influential body of scholars who represent in our schools, colleges and universities the chairs of English, French, German, Spanish, and the related continental languages. It cannot fail, with this backing, to be a success, and to command attention wherever it is read. We should think our great publishing and importing houses, which have gone so largely into the publication and importation of text-books in modern linguistics, would welcome this new venture with open arms, and do all they could to sustain it.

Gen. Newton gives in *The Popular Science Monthly*, with many illustrations, an elaborate and interesting account of 'The Improvement of East River and Hell Gate.'—To the general reader one of the most entertaining papers of the number is that on 'The Influence of Inventions upon Civilization,' by Chauncey Smith, who claims that inventors have made greater changes in the face of society, and in the relations of civilized man to the physical world, than all the warriors and statesmen who have flourished since the commencement of the Christian era. Dr. Oswald's paper on 'Instinct as a Guide to Health' is a tribute to the wisdom of the ever-increasing aversion to drugs as remedies, and the increasing ability to recognize that the thirst of the fever patient is a remedial hint, and not an unnatural craving to be overcome.—*The Southern Bivouac* is a Louisville magazine which we are glad to see started for the encourage-

ment of the Southern literature which is fast developing local resources of power and value. Much of it is naturally given to War papers, in which the North is still constantly alluded to as 'the enemy;' but there is some excellent poetry, and a quite powerful tale, 'The Story of Black Dan,' by Louis Pendleton.

In *The English Illustrated* there is an interesting article, with illustrations, on 'Lifeboats and Lifeboat Men,' by C. J. Staniland; Grant Allen contributes an admirably written short story, 'Harry's Inheritance;' and there is a long paper on the cultivation of Tea.—*The Overland* continues its discussions of the Chinese problem; and Frances E. Sheldon has a clear and clever paper, acknowledging the ethical right of the Chinese individual to go where he wants to go, but claiming that the going in such numbers as to work to the detriment of the country of his choice is practically an invasion which the country has a right to resist. Our Eastern writers are appearing in this Pacific magazine, and Mrs. Campbell has a graceful sketch on 'Two Old-Fashioned Love-Matches.'

The Andover Review for February opens with a paper from the Rev. W. W. Adams, of Fall River, on 'The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town.' This is followed by 'The Religion of Victor Hugo,' by Rev. Reuben Sailens; 'Socialism,' by Prof. R. T. Ely, in which we could desire greater consecutiveness and clearness of aim; and the first of a series on 'The Possibilities of Italian Reform,' by Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Langdon. The width of range and variety of topic offered by this review bear testimony to skilful editing.—*The Church Magazine*, a new monthly, issued in Philadelphia, comes as a publisher's venture, designed to furnish Episcopalians with suitable reading. The only article we care to single out from the many (and miscellaneous) is in the February number—the first of a series on 'The Growth and Development of the American Episcopal Church,' by the Rev. Wm. Wilberforce Newton.

The Nuova Antologia continues to sustain its high reputation for solidity and variety. Two articles in recent numbers (Dec. 1 and Dec. 16) claim the attention of Englishmen and Americans: one on Browning's 'The Ring and the Book,' by Enrico Nencioni; the other on Henri Beyle, known in literature as De Stendhal, from the pen of E. Panzacchi. R. Bonghi continues in his thoughtful and erudite way to discuss matters of statecraft and ecclesiastical polity. 'Hypnotism and Spiritism' are discussed by E. Mancini. Camillo Boito goes into the details of competition in art at home and abroad; and literary, financial, and geographical articles abound. The proof-reading is occasionally at fault, and Mr. W. W. Astor, in a brief mention of 'Valentino,' is spoken of as the 'recent British minister.'

Alfonso.

AWAY, ye haunting shapes—ambition, pride
Of kingly state, plans unfulfilled—that cower
With gloomy eyes—desire, youth's wayward flower,
And ruined youth itself, of hope denied!
As phantoms of the night ye, mocking, glide
Before my fading eyes in this last hour
And me defy; nor hath the sceptre power
To bid ye go, nor stay Death's rising tide.
Yet go ye must! For Memory holds the day
When Love alone was king, and life grew fair,
And cares of state were light as frosts of May,
And breath of violets filled the happy air.
Ah Mercedes! I see thee smiling there;
Death grants me love, earth's anguish slips away.
EFFIE DUNREITH GLÜCK.

The Lounger

MR. STOCKTON's forthcoming and first novel, 'The Late Mrs. Null,' will not be published in serial form before it is given to the world as a book. The reader of literary news who is interested in these matters will wonder why a story that would undoubtedly make an exceptionally attractive serial should escape that sort of publication. It is simply this: Messrs. Scribner believe that, other things being equal, a story that has not been published serially will sell better than one that has; and they made Mr. Stockton an offer based on this belief. He accepted it, and 'The Late Mrs. Null' will be served whole, at one meal, and not 'in sections.' It will have to sell six times as well in book form as it otherwise would, in order to repay the publishers, and they believe it will.

I HEARD a lively discussion of this subject in a bookstore the other day, between a wide-awake salesman, an author and an editor. The salesman argued that after *The Century*, with its million or so of readers, had published a novel by Howells or James, there was a very small audience for it when it appeared as a book, and that it was for that reason that the bound volumes of Howells and James had sales so much smaller than the reputation of the authors would lead one to expect. 'Crawford's stories,' he urged, 'sell their fifty thousand—that is, "Mr. Isaacs" sold that many and "Dr. Claudius" sold thirty thousand. They were only published in book form. "The Roman Singer" sold infinitely less, because it ran as a serial in *The Atlantic* first.' 'Now let us see,' answered the author. 'Fifty thousand of "Mr. Isaacs," which was a dollar book, brought Mr. Crawford \$5,000. A magazine would have given him \$1,000 for it, being a first story, and he would have had the benefit of the sale in book form afterwards, whatever that might have amounted to. In Mr. Crawford's case it was perhaps as well that his story appeared as it did. With Howells and James the case is different. They are said to get \$5,000 each for the right of serial publication in *The Century*. Their books retail for \$1.50, and they sell certainly not less than ten thousand each, which adds \$1,500 to their receipts. The \$5,000 is in the form of "cash down," without waiting for a semi-annual statement, and there is a very pleasant jingle about \$5,000 down.' So spake the author. The editor listened—and wished that he were Howells or James, with a good stock of manuscripts on hand to dispose of. The little group agreed upon no decision in the matter, except that it was a good thing to be a successful author and a bad thing to be an author who was not successful.

MR. CABLE is going to institute quite a new order of things. He proposes reading in Boston on the 15th and 19th inst. his new story, 'Grande Pointe,' before its publication in *The Century*. This is flying in the face of rule and precedent. It, however, adds the interest of novelty to the readings. The story relates to the Acadians of Louisiana, and was written last summer. The songs that Mr. Cable will sing were taken down by him from the lips of the Acadians, to whom they have been handed down from generation to generation.

W. S. GILBERT is an amusing person by trade, and it is his bounden duty to provide laughter for mankind. In his letter in regard to the 10/- sent him from America, he has laid himself open to a sharp retort. As a lawyer, Mr. Gilbert ought to know that he who seeks equity must come with clean hands. Now how can an Englishman complain of American book-pirates and play-pirates as long as the English laws allow an Englishman to steal American books and American plays? It was only a little while ago that the right of free stealing from French dramatists was legally withdrawn from English playwrights, and while this right of free stealing existed one of the English playwrights who took French plays and made them over to suit the British market was W. S. Gilbert. It would be interesting to know whether he ever paid M. Dennery for the use of 'L'Escamoteur,' M. Labiche for the use of 'Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie,' or MM. Meilhac and Halévy for the use of 'Le Roi Candaule' and 'Le Réveillon.' It would be interesting, too, to know what MM. Dennery, Labiche, Meilhac and Halévy would think of Mr. Gilbert's letter if they should happen to see it.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE's friends and readers on this side of the Atlantic have been surprised and mystified by the recent attack upon him in the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. The article in question went so far beyond the bounds of criticism, that it might well be characterized as venomous. The truth is that Mr. Gosse, from 1880, was on the staff of the paper. Last autumn, upon the appearance of its manufactured 'revelations,' he suspected their character, protested against the outpouring of the malodorous tide, and dissolved his connection with the *Gazette*. The animus of the latter's vindictive sarcasm is not hard to comprehend.

MRS. WALTER SCOTT ANDREWS, the cleverest of our amateur actors, has added to her reputation by adapting a play from the German, which was performed with great success at the University Club Theatre, last week, for charity. The comedy is called 'Ruins' in the original, but Mrs. Andrews calls her adaptation 'Misunderstanding,' which better describes it. It was written by a young Austrian, a friend of the adapter, who died at the age of twenty-six. It was acted with great spirit, and kept a large and fashionable audience convulsed with laughter for over an hour.

Lawrence Barrett in "Hernani."

ALTHOUGH the most ardent friends and admirers of Mr. Lawrence Barrett can scarcely claim for him the right to be numbered among the few great actors of the day, he is one of the most conspicuous figures upon the American stage, and is doing more than any other man on this side of the Atlantic ocean to relieve the theatre from the odium of the charges of frivolity, idiocy and immorality perferred against it by its opponents. His career furnishes a striking example of the manner in which honorable success may be won by earnest conviction, intelligent study, incessant industry and steadfast devotion to the best principles of his profession. He is literally a selfmade man, and has fought his way to the front rank in the face of difficulties which would have crushed a less courageous spirit. Most eminent actors have owed their triumphs to rare natural gifts, the inheritance of a great name, special social advantages, or some happy stroke of fortune such as the discovery of a part peculiarly adapted to their capacities or the whimsical favoritism of the multitude. Nature has enriched Mr. Barrett with no particular talisman. He has a keen intelligence, but in this respect he is not remarkable, save in the use which he has made of it. His figure is insignificant, his carriage stiff and often ungraceful, and his voice unmelodious. Henry Irving himself is not a greater slave to the vice of mannerism; and yet he has distanced almost all competitors in the race for distinction in the serious drama, and has won the respect, goodwill and admiration of all who believe that acting is entitled to a high place among the arts. This sense of the dignity of his calling is doubtless the motive which has inspired and supported him amid all trials and difficulties, and enabled him now to enjoy, not only substantial pecuniary reward, but the sweets of gratified ambition. His material prosperity affords matter for general congratulation, as it is a complete refutation of the stale and stupid slander, the sole refuge of ignorant managers, that the public cannot appreciate and will not support dramatic entertainments of a high order.

Each of Mr. Barrett's engagements in this city in recent years has been signalized by the production of some play unfamiliar to the ordinary theatregoer and of positive value. 'Francesca da Rimini' was an experiment which few managers would have risked, and 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon' was a piece of which the ordinary manager had probably never heard. If he had heard of it, he would have jeered at any proposal to play it. Mr. Barrett, however, thought it would be appreciated, and the result of the performance abundantly justified his opinion. Then he presented 'The King's Pleasure,' a most dainty and delightful bit of fancy, which met with instant approval. This year he has revived 'Hernani,' Hugo's romantic tragedy, which is certainly a novelty to most of the rising generation, and has again scored an indisputable success, although the performance is not so satisfactory as some of those previously given by him. The version which he has adopted is practically identical with that performed in this city many years ago, although it has been retouched and slightly altered at some of the climaxes by Mr. George H. Boker. It follows the original pretty closely, but omits some of the longest and most grandiose speeches, notably the oration of Don Carlos in the Catacombs and the most extravagant ravings of Hernani. These concessions to dramatic probability and modern taste are distinct improvements. The language employed, if smacking a little of fustian at times, is generally direct and vigorous and often has genuine poetic quality. It is of course vastly superior to the drivel vaguely called dialogue in what is known as contemporary comedy. Here, then, is a play of historical interest (that is to say, a play which marked an era in French theatrical history), with a stirring plot, plenty of dramatic situation and of real literary value. It is produced, moreover, with praiseworthy attention to all details of scenery and costume, except in one instance, in a scene in the interior of Don Leo's castle, in

which the family portraits are executed in the most slovenly fashion. In all other respects the stage pictures are admirable. The acting is not on so high a plane. Mr. Barrett himself enacts Hernani with great sincerity and unflagging spirit, but, for obvious reasons, is not an ideal hero of romance. His lovemaking, in spite of its earnestness, is lacking in elegance and charm, and the set formality of his style makes an artificial character still more artificial. He is at his best in the bustle of action, when he is defying the King, or urging Don Leo to join him in avenging the abduction of Donna Xanthe, as Donna Sol is renamed. At crises of this kind he carries all before him by the nervous energy of his curious system of declamation and his emphatic, if somewhat wooden, gesture. The impersonation will not add to his reputation as an actor, but, like all his work, bears the marks of conscientious study and definite design. The part is one which might have been played by Salvini in his younger days, or Fechter.

The strength of the company is unequal to the task imposed upon it, but the representation as a whole is interesting and effective; nevertheless, because the different actors have been well drilled and are manifestly subject to intelligent direction. The skilful use of the material at hand is one of the tests of good management, and here Mr. Barrett's long experience stands him in good stead. His company is much weakened by the loss of Mr. James and Miss Wainwright, but he may be trusted to strengthen it at the first opportunity. Meanwhile, with crippled resources, he is doing work which no other manager will undertake, and is doing it acceptably. The critics therefore must not be too exacting.

Recent Operatic Performances.

'RIENZI' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' have been added to the operatic lists during the last week. The former work was the contribution of the German company, the latter of the American. The fame of their composers stands in inverse ratio to the merit of the two works. 'Rienzi' was the greatest disappointment the American admirers of Wagner have ever experienced. Comparatively few had seen the work, and though study of the score had not awakened great hopes, there was still a chance that portions of the opera would disclose flashes of the genius which now dominates the operatic stage. Nothing of the kind was found. The Wagner of 'Rienzi' was only a moderately clever imitator of Meyerbeer and Spontini, without the inventive fecundity of either. The opera is flashy and noisy with commonplace tunes and strident accompaniments. Of the higher aims which Wagner set for himself later, and the want of which he denounced in the contemporaries of his youth, not a trace is discoverable. Everything is sacrificed to effects of the tawdry kind. The overture, the chorus of the Messengers of Peace, a dramatic scene of Adriano's and the familiar prayer—four numbers which have maintained themselves in the concert-room—sum up all that is likely to give musical satisfaction, and they do not make amends for the hollowness of the rest of five acts. The book, which also is Wagner's work, bears comparison with the other books of its kind, and it is said that to Meyerbeer's admiration for it we owe 'Le Prophète'; but it presents 'the last of the Tribunes' only in the light of an operatic hero—a brother of the Masaniello and John of Leyden of Scribe.—The performance at the Metropolitan Opera House is admirable. Several of the scenes are well composed and painted, and the grouping is spirited and picturesque. The musical honors are evenly divided by Fräulein Lehmann, Fräulein Brandt and M. Sylva, on whom the bulk of the work devolves. The heroic character of the tenor's impersonation is marred a little by his dumpy figure, which appears to better advantage on horseback than on foot. Fräulein Brandt acts the youthful scion of the house of Colonna with energy, and Fräulein Lehmann both sings and acts like the charming and richly gifted artist that she is.

It is not yet settled to the entire satisfaction of careful and unbiassed observers in what department of operatic activity the best results are to be expected from the American Opera Company. For our part, the only representations that have given unalloyed pleasure have been those of Gluck's 'Orpheus.' Next we would rank Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' so far as the execution of the greater part of the music goes. In both cases the reasons are the same. Save in a few numbers extraordinary vocal equipment and training are not called for, and the music is so beautiful that the majority are willing to be less exacting than if operas of the modern kind were performing. It is only fair to the enterprise, however, to say that a most flattering degree of public approbation has been given to the Company's representations of 'Lohengrin.' Individual features of these representations have deserved all the praise that has been bestowed upon them (extra-critically, as one might say), but as a whole it can scarcely be said that the spirit of 'Lohengrin,' so far as it is not embodied in the orchestral part and the choruses, has been presented adequately. Mr. Candidus, to begin with, with the advantage of a pure tenor voice which does not need to feel the wear of Wagner's music, is commonplace in his conception of the part and monotonous in his enactment of it. He is less an actor than anything else, and an artist who cannot act can never present to the public a figure which will fill the fancy as Wagner's seraphic knight should. Miss Juch sings and acts nicely; but only a spirit of affection could see in her impersonation the dreamy and mystical creature of Wagner's play. Her consciousness of every gesture precludes such a lovely illusion, such a deeply poetical atmosphere, as surrounds the Elsa of Frau Krauss, for instance. When chorus and orchestra become the bearers of the interest in the drama, all goes well; and Madame Hastreiter achieves a commendable degree of success with the rôle of Ortrud. In their last opera the American Company chose a work which is well within their abilities so far as the music is concerned, but which exacts trained histrionic skill. In the new version of Nicolai's 'Lustigen Weiber von Windsor' prepared for them, the spirit and considerable of the literary integument of Shakespeare's comedy have been preserved, and naturally one looks for good comedy acting. The expectation is met in a modest degree, though one cannot avoid the conviction that there is a woful lack of familiarity with the Shakespeare of the library and the playhouse on all hands. The opera is a delightful composition. Its music is charmingly melodious and its *ensembles* full of dramatic life. It is just such music as one likes to associate with the boisterous humor of the comedy, and while it does not assert itself unduly, but remains in the old operatic, and even Italian, rut, it is so admirably written as to delight the most exacting musician. Mme. L'Allemand is more praiseworthy as Mrs. Ford than she has yet been. She has an unmistakable comedy talent, and as much of the brilliant music lies in the best portion of her voice, she succeeds in holding the interest of her auditors throughout.

The Fine Arts.

The Etching Club's Exhibition.

THE Etching Club's exhibition forms this year, as usual, an adjunct to that of the Water-Color Society. Some of our best workmen are absent or, like Mr. Pennell, but poorly represented; and there is, as we remember, no foreign contribution of importance. Yet there are many good things to be noted, and a marked general advance in one direction—that of reproductive etching. Intrinsically considered the comparatively small plates prepared for the catalogue of the Morgan Collection would not, as a whole, be remarkable. But even as a whole they are remarkable when we remember what they would have been but a few years ago; and the better ones among them have much intrinsic value, too. Mr. Chase's interpretation of a Millet, St. John Harper's of an Alfred Stevens and Mr. Dielman's of a Henner are to

be commended for their faithful rendering of the general effect of their originals rather than for their charm as etched work properly so called; while Peter Moran's cattle piece after Van Marcke is in both ways delightful. Other reproductive essays also deserve a word of praise, but it is to the 'painter-etchings,' after all, that one turns with the greatest interest. And among them, fortunately, one finds the most successful efforts of the year.

Mr. Platt and Mr. Parrish easily carry off the honors, though there is doubtless much diversity of judgment as to the division thereof which should be made between them. Mr. Parrish is certainly the more individual worker, the one in whom we find strongest evidence of that personality alike in mood and in handiwork which is so peculiarly attractive in this special art. But Mr. Platt's results are as certainly marked by greater completeness in conception and in execution both. Better than Mr. Parrish he knows how to choose his subject—or, at least, how to deal with it when chosen. In composition, in arrangement of line and of light and shade, he is consummately accomplished, while Mr. Parrish sometimes sins by lack of clearness, of balance and of harmony. Especially should it be said that Mr. Platt is a master of the great art of omitting, while his rival has not yet learned it wholly. There is more fervor in Mr. Parrish's work, but one can find faults in it, while in the best of Mr. Platt's it would indeed be hard to do so. Particularly complete, particularly delightful in composition and harmonious in effect, is his large view of Deventer, with its long simple lines and quiet breadth of treatment. But his 'Hartford' is quite as good, and is still more interesting in its proof of the value of our home materials. Could any storied causeway of the elder world be more delightful under the etcher's needle than this rude wooden covered bridge? Large as are these plates of Mr. Platt's, and sundry others which equally deserve attention, they are not mere 'views,' and still less are they panoramas—like, for example, some of the well-known larger plates by Haig. They are pictures in the true sense of the word.

Art Notes.

THE twenty-sixth annual exhibition of the Artists' Fund opened at Origies' gallery last Monday. It contained ninety-six works, including some bits of sculpture. The general effect of the exhibition is curiously old-fashioned, although some good examples of our younger men are sandwiched in between relics of the past. A couple of landscapes by Bolton Jones, Mr. Hovenden's well-known picture of an old gardener, seated, watching a little boy digging, and some cattle-pictures by Ogden Wood, are among the most creditable contributions. John F. Weir's large decorative flower-subject, snow-balls in a green jar, is worthy of better surroundings. Frank Millet's classic girl in pink, polishing up a tear-phial, is an effective sketch. P. P. Ryder's two good *genre*-subjects, Arthur Quartley's large marine and some cattle-subjects by Carleton Wiggins repay a second glance. The trail of the potboiler is over a good many of these pictures, even those bearing names associated with conscientious effort. It is to be feared that many of the members of the Fund consider almost anything good enough to send to its annual exhibitions. The sale is announced for the evenings of February 15th and 16th, until which time the collection remains open without charge.

—*The Magazine of Art* for February is more varied as to the character of its contents than usual. A poem by Austin Dobson, with a drawing by Randolph Caldecott, printed in sage-green, forms the full-page frontispiece. An illustrated paper on Buckingham Palace, by W. J. Loftie, and an article on David Neal, with a portrait and reproductions of some of his works, by John R. Tait, are the most noticeable contributions. A paper on Chester is better in the illustrations than in the text. Some judicious hints on sketching are given by R. A. M. Stevenson, and a short essay on 'The Profession of Art,' by Lewis F. Day, contains ideas which merit careful consideration by workers in art and literature.

—*The Portfolio* for January opens with some chapters on imagination in landscape painting, by Mr. Hamerton, which show a combination of intellectual acumen as to principles with wordy triviality of application. An interesting paper, illustrated with

reproductions of sketches, is that on James Ward, R. A., an animal and allegorical painter of the last generation and a brother-in-law of George Morland. The painter of the Wordsworthian country, William Hull, is made the subject of an appreciative article by T. Letherbrow; and 'My Winter Quarters,' a descriptive paper written by Mr. Hull and accompanied by sketches made by himself, brings the body of *The Portfolio* to an agreeable close. The Art Chronicle of this magazine is always complete as regards British art affairs. The full-page illustrations are a mezzotint after David Cox, an etching of a cattle and landscape subject by James Ward, and an admirable etching after Rubens's portrait of Elizabeth of France, now in the Louvre. It is the work of a French female etcher, Mlle. Poynol, who has preserved all the delicacy and sumptuous effect of the original.

—Two late issues in the series of *Wide Awake Art-Prints* (D. Lothrop & Co.) are reproductions of a Dutch subject, by F. Childe Hassam, and a family of ducks, signed C. V. (Charles Volkmar). Mr. Hassam's picture shows a canal and its banks, with a village and a wind-mill. The time is evidently Sunday morning. The figures are characteristic, and the whole composition is very taking. The print is soft and delicate. C. V.'s ducks are given in green. The lack of tone is painfully felt in the printing, and the outlines of the figures are somewhat obtrusive.

Mr. Stanley's Travelling Library.

[*The Pall Mall Gazette.*]

YOU ask me what books I carried with me to take across Africa. I carried a great many—three loads, or about 180 lb. weight; but as my men lessened in numbers, stricken by famine, fighting, and sickness, one by one they were reluctantly thrown away, until finally, when less than 300 miles from the Atlantic, I possessed only the Bible, Shakspeare, Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' Norie's Navigation, and Nautical Almanac for 1877. Poor Shakspeare was afterwards burned by demand of the foolish people of Zinga. At Boney Carlyle and Norie and Nautical Almanac were pitched away, and I had only the old Bible left. But the following was my list of books on setting out with a tidy battalion of men:—

The Bible.	Shakspeare.
Norie's Navigation.	Milton.
Inman's Navigation and Tables.	Byron.
Nautical Almanacs, 1874, '75,	Scott.
'76, '77.	Moore.
Manual of Scientific Inquiry.	Pope.
What to Observe.	Thomson.
Darwin's Origin of Species.	Longfellow.
Lyell's Principles of Geology.	Tennyson.
Hugh Miller's Old Red Sand-	Cowper.
stone.	Faery Queen.
Dictionary of Biography.	Selections Old English Drama-
Dictionary of Geography.	tists.
Dictionary of Dates.	Dick's English Plays.
Dictionary of the Bible.	Boswell's Johnson.
Dictionary of Natural History.	Selections from Ruskin.
Dictionary of Science and Lit-	Roscoe's German, Italian, and
erature.	Spanish Novelists.
Cesar's Commentaries.	Scott's Ivanhoe, Talisman, Guy
Herodotus.	Mannerings, Quentin Durward.
Horace.	Brontë's Jane Eyre.
Juvenal.	Dickens's Mutual Friend.
Thucydides.	Dickens's David Copperfield.
Xenophon.	Thackeray's Esmond.
Plutarch.	Hawthorne's Transformation.
Evelyn's Diary.	George Eliot's Middlemarch.
Pepys's Diary.	Irving's Columbus.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.	Irving's Conquest of Granada.
The Koran.	Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.
The Talmud.	John Halifax, Gentleman.
Johnson's Lives of Poets.	Whyte Melville's Gladiator.
Gil Blas.	Lytton's Rienzi.
Don Quixote.	Lytton's Last of the Barons.
Arabian Nights.	Lytton's Harold.
Hudibras.	Lytton's Caxtons.
Homer's Iliad.	Sterne's Tristram Shandy.
Homer's Odyssey.	Kingsley's Hypatia.
Virgil's Æneid.	Kingsley's Hereward the Wake.

After the march, unless there was any fighting, or observations for position to take, one of these books was sure to be taken up and occupied the afternoon and then evening until 9 P.M.,

when what with fatigue, reading, and a necessity to be up at 5 A.M., I would soon be asleep. Many of these books are still in Africa, along the line of march, and will be kept as fetishes until some African antiquarian will pick some of them up a century hence, and wonder how on earth 'Jane Eyre,' printed in 1870, came to be in Ituru, or Thackeray's 'Esmond,' Dickens and Scott, came to be preserved among the lubari of Gambaragara.

How Henri Gréville Became an Author.

[The New York Tribune.]

THE lecture which Henri Gréville was unable to deliver on Friday evening, she delivered yesterday afternoon [Feb. 9] in Chickering Hall. She was introduced by Parke Godwin, and spoke sitting on the edge of her chair. She had not pronounced a single sentence before she and her audience were on the best possible terms, and throughout the lecture every hearer was under the spell of her contagious smile, her kindly expression, the little shrugs of her shoulders which often expressed even more than the words which accompanied them, and the music of her language; for she spoke in French. The subject of her lecture was 'How I became an Author,' and although she spoke from beginning to end about herself, everything approaching egotism was absent. She first told about her childish verses; how the little incidents of her childhood formed themselves into poetry and went singing through her head. 'Oh, I didn't write them out,' said she, 'because I was afraid my father would make me copy them for all the members of the family, but I used to sing them to my mother.' The audience laughed heartily when Madame Durand told how her father taught her foreign languages.

'First we attacked Italian,' said she. 'My father got an Italian translation of "Telemache" and made me translate it into French. Then I translated "Telemache" back again into Italian. Then we began German. I translated "Telemache" from German into French and from French into German. Then my father said it was time to begin to study English; so he gave me an English version of "Telemache" and I translated it into French and then turned it back into English. Next came Spanish. My father got a Spanish "Telemache," but I said: "Telemache" again! No, I have had enough "Telemache." Give me "Don Quixote." So I got "Don Quixote" that time instead of "Telemache." While she was still a young girl, Madame Durand's father took her with him to Russia. She gave a humorous account of her struggles to aid her father in his grammatical works. 'My daughter, said he one day, 'the time has come when you are to crown all my wishes and bear your part in the execution of my great work.' 'My heart ran over with joy,' said the lecturer, but my father continued: "I am about to begin a French grammar for the use of Russians," and then my heart ran over much less, for I remembered "Telemache." However, she assisted her father in preparing his grammar. M. Durand also assisted him, and the two young people soon found that grammatical work was much pleasanter than they had supposed.

It was while she was in Russia that Madame Durand was married. The Franco-Prussian war called the couple back to France. They brought with them the works of Tourguéneff which with his permission they were to translate and publish in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. The day after their arrival in Paris they found that translations had already been published in *L'Indépendance Belge*, and their own translations were without a market. Then followed four years of struggle and discouragement which the lecturer described touchingly, while at the same time she enlivened the description with little anecdotes, which made her hearers laugh in spite of a hazy film that gathered before their eyes. Novels were written and rejected by the publishers. Edmond About, then connected with the *Dixneuvième Siècle* refused to accept one of them for nothing. Two years later he paid a round price for the same book, but Henri Gréville had then become famous. One day M. Durand came home after a stormy interview with a publisher, who had told him not too politely that his wife didn't know how to write. It was decided that if success did not begin within four months, the husband and wife would start for Siberia. Within a few days Durand was summoned to correct the proof-sheets of one of his wife's novels, which had long before been submitted to *La Revue des Deux Mondes* which had been forgotten, and which the publishers had just decided to print.

'That is how I became an author,' said Madame Durand. 'From that time on success was assured.' In the last part of the lecture she told about her dramatic works and the curious

combination of circumstances which had prevented her from ever seeing one of them acted.

Current Criticism

THE EAGLE, THE OWL AND THE BUZZARD.—'In my travels,' says Mr. Froude in 'Oceana,' p. 204, 'I avoided newspapers—English newspapers especially—wishing to trouble myself as little as possible with the Old World that I might keep myself free to observe the New.' An excellent resolution surely! It was not, however, proof against the temptation of a stray copy of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. It was at Moss Vale, the country house of Lord Augustus Loftus, near Sydney, that the historian fell. He forgot his rule, took up a stray number, and had to throw it down in disgust. I found that ——— and ——— had been accusing Carlyle in the American journals of "worship of rank and wealth," and that ——— had spoken of myself as the "slipshod Nemesis"—modern synonym, I suppose, for the Halting Furies—who had laid bare his weakness. Such men judge after their kind. These are of the same race, as Carlyle always said they were, with those who said, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Mr. Froude then proceeds to defend his hero. 'Carlyle was the noblest and truest man that I ever met in this world. . . . He can wait for the certain future, when he will be seen soaring as far beyond them all as the eagle soars beyond the owl and the buzzard—or rather he will alone be seen, and they and their works will be forgotten.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHAT THE LAW OWES TO AUTHORS.—Whatever any man can sell and make a profit on is, or ought to be, in the eye of the law property. The dress, called a book, in which a man clothes his ideas is property, because, like cows or horses, it can be traced, identified, and sold on the market, and is therefore entitled to such protection as its peculiar nature calls for, like all other possessions. The ownership in land is not proved or protected in the same way as the ownership in railroad stocks; nor the ownership in railroad stocks in the same way as that in a bill of exchange. The difficulty of protecting property in books is greater than the difficulty in protecting any other property, because the thief can multiply the stolen article indefinitely; but the law is not called on to make all kinds of possessions equally secure. The law is called on to provide for everything a man produces, and which anybody else would buy if he could not steal it, that simple, primary form of protection, which consists in the prevention of open robbery or a robbery pure and simple in broad daylight. To this foreign authors are entitled from us, whatever may be our views about the tariff, or the need of protecting our native printers and book-binders.—*The Evening Post*.

THACKERAY'S 'CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH.'—Some critics, as in duty bound, have professed themselves unpeppably shocked at the republication of Thackeray's fugitive pieces. These are they who storm at Mr. Froude for not making pipelights of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and his wife's letters, and who expurgate Charles Lamb in accordance with their own notions of what befits his dignity and reputation. Had they lived in 1623 they would probably have denounced Hemminge and Condell as 'ghouls' because they collected certain ephemeral writings which in the opinion of their author were certainly not worth preservation—to wit, the plays of Shakspeare. 'What!' they would have cried, 'shall we not be content with the two classical masterpieces to which the late lamented poet gave his imprimatur? Must we do him the injustice of raking together his plays, mere hasty pot-boilers, altogether unworthy of the author of "Venus" and "Lucrece"?' Thackeray's fugitive pieces, it is true, are not quite so valuable as Shakspeare's, nor do they bear the same proportion to his acknowledged works; but the principle is the same in both cases. What a man has published he has published, and the question of its preservation or annihilation rests not with himself but with posterity. If posterity has sufficient curiosity about him to read even his pot-boilers, that is simply one of the rewards or penalties of greatness. If his pot-boilers are unworthy of him, is it not important, and even essential for the true understanding of his character, to know that he wrote unworthy pot-boilers, and to estimate the extent and manner of their unworthiness?—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

TWO YEARS OF AMERICAN BOOKS.—The table which follows gives in tabulated form last year's publications, classified

under subjects. A comparison with the figures of the previous year, also given, will be found full of interest :

	1884	1885
Fiction	943	934
Theology and Religion.....	380	435
Law.....	455	431
Juvenile Books	358	388
Education, Language.....	227	225
Medical Science, Hygiene.....	209	188
Biography, Memoirs.....	178	174
Poetry and Drama.....	222	171
Social and Political Science.....	168	163
Description, Travel.....	136	161
Literary History and Miscellany	186	148
Fine Arts and Illustrated Books.....	81	140
History.....	115	137
Useful Arts.....	154	100
Physical and Mathematical Science.....	134	92
Sports and Amusements.....	51	70
Domestic and Rural.....	43	30
Mental and Moral Philosophy.....	19	25
Humor and Satire	29	18

4,088 4,030

The Publishers' Weekly.

Notes

PAUL M. POTTER, one of the brightest of New York journalists, has secured an interest in and assumed the editorship of *Town Topics*, formerly known as *The American Queen*. It is intended to transform the paper into a satirical society journal and general newspaper of the same class as Labouchère's *Truth*—a task for which the new editor is exceptionally well fitted. Mr. Potter is a clever and accomplished young Englishman, who knows London and Paris as well as he knows New York, and who has travelled much in Europe and the United States. He is a graceful and incisive writer, as readers of *THE CRITIC* in the days when it contained a regular dramatic department may remember; and a graduate of the editorial department of the *Herald*, on whose staff he held for years the position of foreign editor, as well as, at one time, that of musical and dramatic critic.

—At the solicitation of many ladies prominent in New York society, Mr. John Fiske has reconsidered his decision not to lecture here this spring, and will give a course of six lectures on United States History preceding and at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and four on the Civil War. The course will be given at the University Club Theatre beginning about the 24th inst.

—The long-expected biography of Longfellow will probably be issued on the 27th, Messrs. Ticknor & Co. being particularly anxious to publish it on that day, which is the anniversary of the poet's birth.

—Miss Anna Katherine Green's new novel, 'The Mill Mystery,' will be issued in Putnam's Knickerbocker Series, bound in cloth and in paper. The advance-sheets have been purchased for the British market by George Routledge & Sons. Of 'The Leavenworth Case' an authorized edition was published in London by Alexander Strahan, and unauthorized editions by Ward & Lock and other firms.

—A memoir of the late Mrs. Anne Gilchrist is being prepared by her family and friends. We understand that the volume will contain a large amount of interesting correspondence exchanged with a varied circle of acquaintances and friends, including, amongst others, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wm. Michael Rossetti and Walt Whitman.

—Prang & Co. send us an assortment of valentines suitable to the various stages of that disease which absence is supposed to increase, and which is said to be epidemic on or about the 14th of this month.

—A correspondent writes under date of Feb. 6:—I notice in to-day's *CRITIC* a little account, from the *Star*, of the new printing-house of De Vinne & Co., in which the architects are said to be Messrs. Babb & Cook. The firm is now, and has been for some time, Babb, Cook & Willard, and I have reason to think that Mr. Willard's knowledge and taste have had something to do with the result which the *Star* so justly commends.

—T. P. O'Connor says that Justin McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times' has netted the author about \$30,000; and that the Harpers, who send him an occasional instalment of a few hundred pounds on account of its sale in this country, tell him they

could have afforded to give him \$50,000 for the exclusive publication of the work, if it could have been copyrighted in the United States.

—Miss Emma Thursby will be the recipient of a complimentary concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday, Feb. 23.

—There was no more popular soldier in the United States than General Hancock. Brave, kind-hearted, high-minded, he endeared himself not only to his men in time of war, but to all who met him in private life, and to all who knew him even by reputation. His nomination for the Presidency was a mistake; but nothing could have been more dignified than his bearing during the campaign, nor better-natured than his acceptance of the result. There is no reason to suppose that he courted the great office he came so near attaining, or that he felt more than a moment's regret at his failure to receive it. The death of Grant, McClellan and Hancock within the past six months has brought the band of famous survivors of the Civil War within extremely narrow limits.

—Mrs. Walford, author of 'Mr. Smith,' 'The Baby's Grandmother,' etc., is about to publish a story called 'History of a Week.'

—All who knew his work as well as all who knew him personally will regret the death in his early manhood of George T. Lanigan, a journalist of exceptional ability. Mr. Lanigan was best known to the general reader by a small volume of very clever fables published by him under the title 'Out of the World.' They originally appeared in the *World* newspaper. At the time of his death Mr. Lanigan was the literary critic and one of the editorial writers of the *Philadelphia Record*.

—The Astor Library was used last year by 72,584 readers, as against 59,057 in 1884.

—Sir Henry Thompson (Pen Oliver) announces his new romance (which was written and finished to the end during the spare moments of his recent holiday) under the title of 'All But: a Chronicle of Luxenford Life.' The text is to be embellished with twenty-one miniature illustrations from Sir Henry's own pen. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. are to be the London publishers.

—*The Athenæum* says that Sir Edward Reed's article in *Harpur's* on the British Navy was written in June last, before the change of Government took place, and if read without regard to this fact some of the references in the article will be unintelligible, on account both of the official changes which have taken place and of the changes in ship-building policy which the Tory Government carried out in the directions advocated by Sir Edward Reed.

—The 'Hayward Correspondence' promises to be the most interesting of forthcoming autobiographical works. It is announced in London by Mr. Murray.

—To-day Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish: 'Verses: Translations and Hymns,' by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness; a new library edition of Macaulay's works; a new and cheaper edition of the Life of Ole Bull, by his widow; and a new edition of 'Fishing with the Fly,' a collection of sketches by lovers of the art, compiled by C. F. Orvis and A. N. Cheney.

—Mr. Froude says of Mr. Ormsby's translation of 'Don Quixote,' that it not only surpasses all others in the language, but is the only one that makes the book intelligible to ordinary English readers.

—For the benefit of such of the Poles, recently exiled from Prussia, as have come to the United States, a performance of 'As You Like It' is to be given by their countrywoman, Mme. Modjeska, at the Star Theatre, on Thursday afternoon of next week—Feb. 18. Mme. Modjeska will appear as Rosalind, supported by Harry Edwards, Joseph Haworth, Louis James and other well-known actors, besides the members of her own company.

—We had thought the origin of the word mugwump satisfactorily settled by an answer in our Free Parliament (Sept. 6, 1884), and a note in our issue of Jan. 10, 1885. At the earlier date a correspondent learned in Indian lore quoted the word from Eliot's Bible (Genesis XXXVI., 40-43) where it is used in the sense of 'great man.' But *The Sun*, which is a careful reader of *THE CRITIC* and noted our discovery at the time, now reproduces the fifteenth verse of the same chapter of Eliot's Indian book. From this verse, which fairly teems with mugwumps, it seems that the original bearers of this title were descendants of Esau—a man world-famed for having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

—Mrs. Frances Brooks, the translator of 'Heidi,' will shortly issue, through Cupples, Upham & Co., a brochure entitled 'A Year's Sonnets.' The edition will consist of two hundred copies. The same publishers will issue immediately a new edition of 'Light on the Path,' with a number of additional notes.

—Two new volumes of Prof. Mommsen's 'History of Rome' will be published by Messrs. Bentley this month. They comprise the following headings: The Northern Frontier, Spain, Gaul, Conquered Germany, Free Germany, Britain, The Danubian Provinces, Greece, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Parthia, Syria and Nabathæa, Judæa and the Jews, Egypt, The African Provinces.

—Amongst the prizes awarded by the New York City Eisteddfod on February 22 will be one of \$100 for a Welsh essay, one of \$50 for a Welsh or English essay on publications relating to Wales and the Welsh issued in the United States down to the present date, an oak chair and \$50 for a poem on electricity, \$20 for not more than a hundred lines of verse on the Washington National Monument, and \$100 and a gold-mounted conductor's baton for the best chorus of 25 to 35 voices singing Mendelssohn's 'He Watching Over Israel.' There are many other smaller prizes.

—The Philadelphia Times says:—George H. Boker, who for so many years was president of the two leading clubs in the city and the central figure in nearly every large social entertainment, is now hardly seen at all. He seems to have retired temporarily from society and goes nowhere. He is famous as having been held up as 'the only literary man in Philadelphia.' This reputation he is now upholding, it appears, by writing a new play, which, it is said, will be the greatest achievement of his life. He is at work upon it continuously and he devotes to it almost all of his time. It is whispered that, as in his 'Book of the Dead,' some social celebrities will be freely satirized and exoriated.

—The Local Official Postal Guide, issued weekly under the supervision of Postmaster Pearson, is an invaluable publication that made its first appearance on Monday, January 4. It gives all the information a New Yorker could reasonably desire about postal matters, from the hour of delivery at, and from, the branch offices in this city and Brooklyn, to an account of the facilities for getting a *billet doux* or business letter conveyed to Sumatra, Cyprus or the Soudan. The subscription price is \$5 a year, which is just twenty times as much as that of *The Empire State Philatelist*, a monthly journal for stamp-collectors, which has already been mentioned in these columns. The arrival and departure of foreign or domestic mails is not shown in this well-edited little pamphlet, but there is no end of information in its narrow pages about old stamps and new, and 'colorable imitations' of rare issues against which collectors need always to be on their guard. The *Philatelist* starts off on its second year with every indication of prosperity.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Abbott, C. C. Upland and Meadow.....Harper & Bros.
Allen, G. For Mamie's Sake, 25 c.....D. Appleton & Co.
Appleton (D.) & Co. Boletín Ilustrado del Departamento Editorial Extranjero.
Ballou, M. M. Edge-Tools of Speech, \$3.50.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Rancroft, G. Plea for the Constitution of the U. S., 25 c.....Harper & Bros.
Blackie, J. S. What Does History Teach? 75 c.....Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bourke, J. G. An Apache Campaign, \$1.....Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Breckinridge, Hon. C. R. Speech on Rivers and Harbors.....Washington, D. C.
Brown, H. D. Two College Girls, \$1.50.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Butler, W. A. Domesticus, \$1.25.....Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Byron, Lord. Child Harold's Pilgrimage, 10 c.....Cassell & Co.
Carroll, L. A Tangled Tale, \$1.50.....Macmillan & Co.
Channing, E., Ed. Outline Maps, 40 c.....Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Clapp, C. Present Truth for the Honest Enquirer.....Shaker Post Office, Ohio.
Class Interests. By the author of Conflict in Nature and Life, \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Conway, H. A Cardinal Sin, \$1.....Henry Holt & Co.
Corthell, E. L. Atlantic & Pacific Ship-Railway.
Croll, J. Climate and Cosmology, \$2.....D. Appleton & Co.
Deems, C. F. Evolution, 30 c.....John W. Lovell & Co.
Eckstein, E. The Chaldean Magician.....Wm. S. Gottsberger.
Edwards, Mrs. A. A Girton Girl, 20 c.....Harper & Bros.
Fleming, L. R. Alice Withrow, \$1.25.....Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Harrison, J. A., and Baskerville, W. Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, \$3. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Hartman, J. Facts and Mysteries of Spiritism, \$1.50. Phila.: Thos. W. Hartley & Co.
Hassam, F. C. In Holland, 50 c. Wide Awake Art Prints. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Hitchcock, R. D., Eddy, Z., and Mudge, L. W. Carmina Sanctorum, \$1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Hopkins, T. 'Twixt Love and Duty, 25 c.....Harper & Bros.
Huntington, F. Transformed, \$1.25.....Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Lodge, R. History of Modern Europe.....Harper & Bros.
Marvin, W. Authorship of the Four Gospels, 75 c.....Thos. Whittaker.
McLennan, W. Songs of Old Canada.....Montreal: Dawson Bros.
Pendleton, E. A Conventional Bohemian, \$1.25.....D. Appleton & Co.
Ralston, R. Principles of the Law Relating to the Discharge of Contracts.
Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.

Sanborn, F. B., Ed. Life and Genius of Goethe, \$2.....Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Swinburne, A. C. Victor Hugo, \$1.25.....Worthington Co.
United States, A Primary History of the.....A. S. Barnes & Co.
Veazie, G. A., Jr. Music Primer, 50 c.....Boston: Ginn & Co.
Volkmann, C. Wild Ducks, 50 c. Wide Awake Art Prints..Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1098.—1. Is there an inexpensive edition of Tourguéneff's works, untranslated, and if there is, who sells it?—2. In Guizot's History of France, translated by Robert Black, the date of Mme. de Sevigné's birth is given as 1627, while all other authorities that I have seen agree on 1626. In which am I to place credence?—3. What has Vernon Lee written besides 'Miss Brown' and 'The Duchess of Albany'?—4. What French periodical of a literary character is there, which does not exceed \$4 in price?—5. Which of Disraeli's novels treats of Chartism?

[1. F. W. Christern, of New York, has eight of Tourguéneff's novels, in French, which he sells at \$1.05 per volume, and one ('Pères et Enfants') at \$1.25. By 'untranslated' we take 'in French' to be meant, as most of the Russian novelist's works were written in that language.—2. We believe Mme. de Sevigné to have been born in 1626, though the exact date has not, we think, been definitely ascertained.—3. Violet Paget ('Vernon Lee') has written, besides the two works mentioned, 'Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy' (1890), 'Belcaro,' essays on æsthetic themes (1882), 'The Prince of a Hundred Soups' (1893), 'Ottile: An Eighteenth Century Idyl' and 'Euphorion,' a collection of essays (1884).—4. We should recommend *La Revue Politique et Littéraire*, the price of which, in this country, is \$8.80 a year.]

No. 1099.—It is almost as hopeless a task as looking for a needle in a hay-stack, to look for a book without knowing either its name or the name of its author; but I hope for help from The Free Parliament. Can any one tell me of a book giving a professed picture of the time of Noah? From what I have heard of it, I judge it to be what might be called a society novel of the diluvian period.

HANOVER, N. H.

E. R.

No. 1100.—1. What is the best work on political economy for academic use by pupils of both sexes and seventeen or eighteen years of age?—2. What is the best work on art criticism for the same?

LAS VEGAS, N. M.

F. H. A.

[1. Francis A. Walker's 'Political Economy,' in the American Science Series (\$2.25, New York: H. Holt & Co.), is by far the best in general, but says some things that college students are likely to catch up and ridicule. Moreover, it teaches bimetalism, and that is just now such a mischievous fallacy that we should hesitate to recommend the book unless the teacher could correct it. Arthur Perry Latham's, now in its eighteenth edition (\$2.50, Charles Scribner's Sons), is the only other one available. It is far inferior to Walker's in the general grasp of the science, and not near so correct on some fundamental points, but it is sound on these popular questions.—2. Véron's 'L'Esthétique,' which has been translated into English by W. H. Armstrong, and is published in the Library of Contemporary Science (\$1.75, Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott Co.), is about the best thing we know of in the way of a general criticism of art, but it is rather one-sided, perhaps, and we doubt whether it would be elementary enough. Hamerton's 'Graphic Arts' (\$2, Boston: Roberts Bros.) is excellent, but deals mainly with the technical side of art. Still, it is a most valuable work and perfectly easy of comprehension, and we should think would come nearer to your wishes than anything else. As for books on criticism we recall but two, which are in French and deal only with the history of criticism in France; but we imagine it is books of criticism which are wanted.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1075.—Daniel O'Connell (not Carran) made a bet that he could incense an old woman, a street-corner apple-vender in Dublin, without using bad language. Throughout the scene he plied her vigorously with mathematical and geometrical terms, and she, not understanding the meaning of the words used, thought he was abusing her, and replied in her choice vocabulary of Dublin slang, but finally had to retire from the field, thoroughly beaten by the witty counsellor. The occurrence has been photographed, and on the back of the card the full conversation, or rather dispute, is printed. By writing to Lawrence, of Sackville Street, Dublin, and enclosing a shilling (25 cents) you can get it.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

R. W.

No. 1094.—1. 'The cannon's deep roar and the musketry's rattle,' etc., is a variation of the original, from the second verse of 'The Grave of Bonaparte,' by Henry S. Washburn, of Worcester (and East Boston), Mass., set to music by Lyman Heath. For words and music see page 558 of 'Our Familiar Songs,' by Helen K. Johnson, New York: Henry Holt & Co. For the first line quoted by J., read:

The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle.

HARTFORD, CONN.

J. H. J.

[The question is answered also by H. A. T. of Lansing, Mich., M. H. N. of Newport, R. I., W. L. of New London, Conn., W. B. H., of this city, A. S. H., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and J. V. K., of Washington, D. C.]

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN thought Pozzoni's Medicated Powder the best she ever used. For sale by all druggists.